

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,

And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pity is it, that he had not so trim'd
And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke rydings.

Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeness, set to dresse this Garden:
How darest thou harsh rude tongue found this vnpleasing
What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee, (newes
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Darest thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam, Little joy have I
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighs King *Richard* downe.
Poste you to London, and you'll finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my I'd looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Planets thou graft'st, may neuer grow. Exit.

G. Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
Heere a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, *Bullingbrooke*, *Aumerle*, *Nor-*
chamberland, *Percie*, *Fitz-Water*, *Surrey*, *Carlisle*, *Abbot*
of *Westminster*. *Herauld*, Officers, and *Bagos*.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagos*.

Now *Bagos*, freely speake thy minde,
What thou dost know of Noble *Glousters* death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

Bagos. Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bul. Cofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagos. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnsway, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that deadtime, when *Glousters* death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as *Callis*, to my *Vnkles* head.

Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your *Cofins* death.

Aumerle. Princes, and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,
On equall termes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd
With th'Attainder of his slanderous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuell Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
And wilt maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bul. *Bagos* forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aumerle. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathize:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wert cause of Noble *Glousters* death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy harme,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Aumerle. Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to see the day,
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.

Aumerle. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. *Aumerle*, thou lyest: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vntrue:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To proue it on thee, to th'extremest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aumerle. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,
Tis very true: You were in presence then,
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heauen,
As Heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. *Surrey*, thou lyest.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy;
That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward Horse?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,

I dare meeete *Surrey* in a Wildernesse,
And spit vpon him, whilst I say he Lyes,

And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my strong Correction.

As I intend to thrise in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.

Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men, to see
To execute the Noble Duke at *Callis*.

Aumerle. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes; here doe I throw downe this,

If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.
These differences shall all rest vnder Gages.

Bul. These differences shall all rest vnder Gages,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;

And though mine *Enemie* restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,

Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.
Carl. That honorable day shall ne be seene.

Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* sought
For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field,

Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:

And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retr'y'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to that pleasant Countreys Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,

Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.
Bul. Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?

Carl. As sure as I liue, my Lord,
Bul. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule
To the Bolome of good old *Abraham*.

Lords Appellants, your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter *York*. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the possession of thy Royall Hand.

Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

Bul. In Gods Name, he ascend the Regall Throne.
Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.

Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake,
Yet best becomming me to speake the truth.

Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
Were enough Noble, to be vpriight Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*: then true Noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.

What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?

Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,
And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'd
Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.

I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to proue *Herfords* King,
And if you Crowne him, let me propheticke

The blood of Eng
And future Ages

Peace shall goe flo
And in this Seat o

Shall Kinne with
Disorder, Horror,

Shall here inhabit
The field of Golgo

Oh, if you reare th
It will the wofulle

That euer fell vpon
Preuent it, rectifi

Least Child, Childe
North. Well b

Of Capitall Treas
My Lord of West

To keepe him safe
May it please you,

Bul. Fetch hi
He may surrender

Without suspition
Forke. I will b

Bul. Lords, yo
Procure your Sure

Little are we beh
And little look'd

Rich. Alack, v
Before I haue sho

Wherewith I reig
To insinuate, flatter

Giue Sorrow leau
To this submission

The fauors of the
Did they not some

So *Indas* did to Ch
Found truth in all,

God saue the King
Am I both Priest,

God saue the King
And yet Amen, if

To doe what seru
York. To doe

Which tyred Mai
The Resignation o

To *Henry* *Bullingb*
Rich. Giue me th

Here Cousin, on th
Now is this Golde

That owes two B
The emptier eyer

The other downe,
That Bucket downe

Drinking my Grief
Bul. I thought y

Rich. My Crown

You may my Glori

But not my Grief

Bul. Part of your

Rich. Your Care

My Care, is losse o

Your Care, is gain

The Care I giue,

They tend the Cr

Bul. Are you